



IN GOOD SHAPE
London-born film octress, VALERIE VERNON,
who is making pictures
now in Itoly. Here Valerie shows off her
shapely figure in the
seclusion of her Rome,
Italy, opartment.



PHOTO CREDITS

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SEE INSIDE:

SEXIEST GIRLS In The World!

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			42 46

YVONNE FREDRICKS is 23 years old and hails from Germany, where she placed second in the annual "Miss Germany" contest last year.



The 3rd Man in Rita Hayworth's Love Life!

Always There Is The Shadow Of Her Father's Domination.

By KIRK BRAMBLE

Dick Haymes, current husband of Rita Hayworth, has a powerful, threatening — and very probably unknown — rival. This rival could well have been indirectly responsible for the failure of all Rita's other marital or emotional alliances, and is no less real or dangerous because it is a memory.

In psychology, a woman with a strong "father fixation" is said to have an "Electra complex." Such a woman is unable to face emotional life maturely and give herself completely to a husband or lover, because of over-strong father attachment.

This is perhaps the secret of Rita's endless line of emotional and marital failures. When it came to comparing any other man to her adored father,

RITA and her first husband, EDWARD JUDSON, whom she married at the start of her film career. Judson did a great deol ta develop the redhead's screen netential RITA and VIC-TOR MATURE at a movie premiere during the war. (He was in the Coast Guard then).

Eduardo Cansino, they suffered by comparison — seeming to be pale substitutes for the colorful dancing master who completely dominated Rita's youth,

Take a look at the men Rita has known intimately. Until Haymes came along — and he seems rather incongrouss in a lineup of masculine strength and dominance — Rita seemed to turn to men whom she might in a way identify with her father. She seemed to wish to find the protection of a man as much like Cansino as possible — a dominant man to rule her completely. In other words, a father substitute. Her strong underlying "Electra complex" made her search for someone to supplant the colorful, dynamic personality to whom she first gave her heart — her father, Educado Cansino.

THE THIRD MAN IN RITA HAYWORTH'S LIFE!

Cansino dominated his lovely daughter from earliest childMATUSE

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Most of their days were spent practicing dance routines to routines the two did together. At night, she accompanied Camino to the glittering Agua Caliente casino below the California-Mexican border to dance in the floor show. On-lookers thought the handsome couple were husband and wife not father and daughter Rift is sublimated benefit, obeying Camino's orders never to mingle with — or even speak to — any of the cager young male employees. He acted as a jealous "dhemma," guarding her from all outside contacts, filling un her life with bilmed!

As her emotional nature began to mature, and a woman's needs and desires developed, Rita had to latch onis something. So it was natural to Rita, under her father's influence, to enter into a business arrangement which seemed to Cansino best for Rita and everyone concerned. She accepted the "protection" of a powerful, dominant – and much older – Hollywood providence who helped launch her screen career at 20th Century-Fox. Cansino, too, came to Hollywood, So Rita continued under the domination of the two men until Ed Judson came aloner.

Juston saw her undeveloped possibilities and recognized in her psychological pattern a malleable Galatea. Still with her father's approval, Rita was transferred to the "protective custody" of a husband nearly three times her age when she married Juston, Submission was then second nature to her. She fell in line with Juston's plans. He dieted her, dyed her bair, dressed her, and let a publicity agent launch her on a sexy campaign.

In building her, however, Judson builded better than he knew. For the first time, she had moved out of the orbit of complete influence of her father. And she subconsciously realized that for a normal life, she must transfer her strong needs and desires to an object that could supply fulfillment.

THE THIRD MAN IN RITA HAYWORTH'S LIFE!



RITA dining with her second husband, ORSON WELLES, at the Hollywood Brown Derby. They met while working during the war in benefit shows for servicemen.

So, in one of her first pictures, Rita encountered the domination of an even stronger male personality — but one who didn't exactly have fatherly intentions, Vic Mature. Her costar in "My Cal Sali," Mature was the first young man in her life, and and her first real romance. While this was not the father-domination which had been transferred from Casino to Judson, Mature supplied domination as well as Rita's first taste of romance.

But something was lacking, even then. Ever between them moved the shadow-memory of her father, and her deep need for him. When Mature went to war, Rita was lost. Without the immediate domination of an older man, without immediate excitement of a turbulent romance, she was adrift. Only under male dominance could she know apparently security. She could not return to the old complete relationship with her father. She was a woman with a woman's desires and needs. No longer could she sub-limate the drive within her, yet she could not escape the strong ties which held her to the past.

So, when the powerful ego of Orson Welles moved across Rita's horizon, she lost herself again in the dominance of a younger man who offered a possible father-



PRINCE ALY KHAN with RITA outside her Hollywood home. Aly was her third husbond.

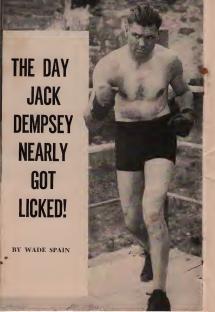
substitute. She submerged herself to his strong will. She read books he told her to, developed an active, if superficial, social grace and consciousness. She discovered herself as an individual — but was not happy with the discovery, because she was lonely, still searching for a past fulfillment that the present could never duplicate still imprisoned in the strong, tender emotional

bond between herself and her father.

Realizing the answer was not in Weltes, she broke-with bitufor a time she dated a glamorous male lineup, but temporary affairs of the heart did not supply her need. She found only loneliness. Welles had given her a social mask behind which she might hide that loneliness, but she could not hide it from herself. For a while she suffered an illness that came and went —as likely psychosomatic as physiological.

Then she met Aly Khan, The moment she met him, he seemed to provide the answer, she went easily under his domination in the spirit of a child finding security again. In a memory swirl of bitter and sweet, she found what she thought was a complete father substitute. In the Moslem home, even more than in the Latin, the man rules, the woman obeys. Rita reverted gladly.

But even bere she found flaws. Always the shadow of yesterday, the eternal idol of perfection so deeply imbedded in her memory, made her restless again. So — trouble in paradise With the smashing of this romantic idyll, a desperately unhappy Rita fled, hid, withdrew.



A Little Known Miner Called Joe Sudenberg Battered The "Manassa Mauler" To A Draw Back In 1915!

Boxing writers and sports fans agree that Jack Dempsey was one of the greatest and most colorful heavyweight champions of all time. Even so, many people aren't familiar with the wildest, roughest, and bloodiest ring battle Jack ever fought. It almost put an end to his boxing dreams. And it was certainly the severest test he ever met with his fists.

Some may think Jack was up against his toughest challenge when he faced the giant Jess Willard — all 6 feet, 6 inches (and 245 pounds) of him — for the world's heavyweight championship on July 4, 1919. That bout saw he panther-like "Manassa Mauler" come bounding from his corner and tear into the much heavier Willard with animal fury. In his pulverizing assault, Dempsey jarred Willard's jaw loose — and sent several of his teeth flying about the ring!

Nor did the "wild bull of the pampas" (Louis Firpo) come the closest to putting Dempsey away via a knockout. It's true that Firpo did willop Jack so resoundingly and effectively that it knocked the champ out of the ring — and into the press section nearby. Then Jack climbed back through the ropes, shook off his daze, and went on to score a history-book K. O. against the luckless Firpo.

If that encounter with Firpo wasn't Dempsey's roughest ring contest, what was?

Jack shows no hesitation whatever in identifying it. He flashes his devilish grin (though it certainly was no "grinning" matter when it happened!) and remarks:

"My bout against a miner named Joe Sudenberg, of Tonopah, Nevada, was certainly the toughest fight of my career, God, how that guy could hit! And the punishment he could take!"

And here are the details of a day Dempsey will always recall most vividly — and with a shudder!

He was a husky, two-fisted, ambitious youth of 19. He had lived a lusty, vigorous life — around copper mines, seeing

JACK DEMPSEY'S HARDEST FIGHT



service as a bouncer in tough dance halls, and had ridden the rods as a hobo. And he had been forced to use his fists furiously — on several occasions to defend himself. That was the extent of his "training" on the historic day he met miner loc Sudenberg at Tonopah, Newad, in the year 1915.

Sudenberg, a giant of a man — older and more experienced than Dempsey – faced his youthful opponent with an air of confidence. He was the overwhelming favorite to "stow" Dempsey away in short order. These two met in a ring consist ing of a canvas flooring. The referee banged on a battered trying part to signal the start and end of each round. Jack wore only a pair of trunks, and his brother Bernard acted as his manager and second.

At the start of round one, Dempsey was after Sudenberg, with wild fury. He landed a shattering blow to the latter's law and down to the canvas went Sudenberg with a thud. At the count of three he staggered to his feet; but no sooner bad he straightened up, then Dempsey crumpled him with a withering right to his cheek.

That kept the stunned Sudenberg down for the count of six. Then up again he came, only to catch the full impacts six. Then up again he came, only to catch the full impact berg that he had to say down for the count of seven. But each time he rose, Dempsey pounced on him like a savage on the warpath. Five times, in rapid succession, Joe Sudenberg kissed the canvax: a dazed and helpless victim of Dempsey's lethal numches. By now, blood was spuring freely from Sudenberg's nose and mouth. Worst of all, he —the "flavorite"—had not been able to deliver even ONE blow against the bobbing and wearing Dempsey. That caused Sudenberg to lose grace with his large band of ardent rooters. They clamored and shouted for him to "fight like hell."

Stung into action by their roars, Sudenberg collected his wits, cautiously got to his feet, and was lucky in cluding—if only momentarily—the charging Dempsey. Near the end of round one, Sudenberg finally erased the stain of disgrace by

nicking lack with two or three hard blows!

Round two was something of a carbon copy of the first one. Dempsey rushed in, his "killer" instincts aroused, and battered Sudenberg with the dynamite he packed in his fists. And again Sudenberg hit the canwas – for the 7th time; then for the 8th time! The fact that he kept pulling himself to his feet to continue the battle was a tribute to his amazing samina and neversavide spirit.

But round seven saw the tide of battle shift in dramatic familiants. Dempsey had, up till that moment, been throwing punches fast, furiously, and effectively. He had also been wearing himself down in the stifling 90 detgree heat. He perspired freely, He had difficulty in moving about the ring because of the slippery canvas. And, aside from that, Sudemberg had caught his "second wind"— with the result that he seemed to be stronger and surer of himself, despite his battered-up condition.

He — Joe Sudenberg — suddenly became the aggressor, rather than the pursued. He naited Dempeys with a smalleng uppercut early in the 7th round and sent him spinning into a stiring position. Bounding to his feet, Jack was too eager he exposed himself. And Sundenberg cut him down — down for the count of 9 — with a furious attack?

Weak and shaken, Jack now began to muster all his defenses. Sudenheap tore through them, however, and battered. Dempsey to the canvas once more: for the 3rd time in round seyen! The dramatic turn of affairs won Jack the sympathy of the spectators and they yelled lustily for him to "get up and view it to feet."

In his weakened condition, Jack couldn't measure up their command; but he did succeed in staving off a knockout. He and Joe Sudenberg hammered each other with body and head blows their last three rounds, but neither one could score a knockout. They were in a vigorous clinch at the end of round ten — with neither one being declared, the without properties of the country of the co



LOVE LIFE



Midget clawn HARRY BERMAN takes it easy (obaye) an the laps of a troupe of acrabatic dancers appearing in the Mills Brothers' circus.

Normal, Except In Size, Midgets "Go" For Big, Buxom Women!

By a Midget As Told To MILTON RAY

At the circus or on the streets of your city, some of you may have looked down upon me. Maybe felt sorry for me. Or - if you're a woman - you may have thought of me as being "cute." But, you full-sized folks, don't feel sorry for us midgets; don't waste your sympathy on us.

We have our share of fun - yeah, man! We live the full life. Some of us even land big girls (those six feet - and taller!) for wives. We enjoy life just as much as you "normal" people. Some midgets are specially blessed with great virility, and chase the girls - the bigger the better! - with gusto.

First, let me tell you about some of my fellow midgets who've "had their way" with hefty girls. Remember the case of Jackie Glicken, a midget who weighed around 60 pounds? To refresh your memory, it was he who fell for huge Mildred Monti - all 425 pounds of her!

He wooed her, won her, and together they set out on a spectacular honeymoon. In forgetful moments, the bulky Mildred would sit down on tiny Jackie Glicken - and he'd shriek like the devil. She'd jump up, rescue him, and hold him close to her enormous bosom - till he regained his breath. Then she'd smother him with kisses and affection, He

loved every minute of it.

But all that bliss ended abruptly and harshly in six months. Mildred sent a saddened little Jackie packing, suing him for divorce - announcing at the time that her marriage to him was "just a publicity stunt" in the first place.

And another well-known midget, one Billy Curtis, a little dynamo of 70 pounds, turned his charm on a very tall girl dancer Lois DeFee, exactly 6 feet, 4 inches tall! Exuberantly, Billy proclaimed: "I like my dolls big and tall. That's the way a midget gets his money's worth!" So off Billy and Lois went to their honeymoon nest. She

pulled a reverse twist of a familiar custom by carting handsome little Billy across the threshold! Which was all right with him. But what he objected to was that she kept right on grabbing him up, squeezing him, and cooing over him. Soon, Billy had his fill of that kind of treatment.

LOVE LIFE OF A MIDGET!

Bitterly disillusioned, he sought relief in the divorce courts—tharging Lois with treating him "more like a child" than a husband! He also added that he was fed up (all the way to here!) with being referred to as "cute"—a thousand times a discourage of the court of

Some of you may be familiar with midgets Ronald and Lela Street, now engaged in movie work. They have a normal-sized baby. Incidentally, medical records show that only once out of 100,000 cases will a midget child be born to midget parents!

Take the case of Patricia Waterman, of Great Britain. She's the world's smallest midget — only 22 inches of her, at the age of 231 It would be impossible for her to become a mother.

Nevertheless, the motherly instinct runs strong in almost all midget women. They want to orner a suitable hubby, settle down, and bear youngsters – just like you fully-developed ladies of the normal world. About 50 per cent of them yearn for a big, tall, strong man. A six-footer, preferably,

That cutie-pie Daisy Doll, a star with the Ringling Brothers Circus, expressed the sentiments of others of her kind when she remarked: "Just say that I like big men. Really big ones! And why? Because they can sauceze me so tight!"

And the attitude of midget men toward girls of similar size. That is, as prospective mates? Eddie Little, a circus performer (and a midget who twice married large-size girls), voiced a thought many of us have shared — namely:

"There just inst enough to midget girls to keep you warm" Maybe I should explain that, among us midgets, we come in three types. Type number one rarely changes in size or appearance. Even when he gets to be 20 or older, this midget seems to be just a child. You can recognize type number two by his large face, furrowed brow, and brownish skin. He's a hustler, usually brainty, and does very well with the women.

But type number three is your overvigorous model. He bounces here; he bounces there—alive, wibrant, rubbing his hands with glee, maybe puffing on a big cigar, and just raring to go with the girls! Right off the bat he gets branded a "wolf"—and for good reason.

He doesn't wait for the girls to come around. He goes looking for them, and chases them — till he bags one. If his wishes are realized, he latches on to a large-size one.

Type number three - or the whiz-bang among midgets -



These midgets may not be able to swing their normalsized portners, but that doesn't stop them from höving fun on the dance floor. They are Henry Bedow and Betty Lee Hunt (left), and Prince Poul and Betty Nelson (right). Note the arber midgets enjoying the fun in the background.

enjoys especially good health, on the whole. He eats whopping big meals (one which would put the normal guys and gals to shame). He whizes off on his romantic rounds. He burns up energy by the carload. And he usually can hold a lot of liquor (with no ill effects).

Big girls just can't seem to grasp that we midgets have full-lize feelings, full-size urges, and full-size passions. Some of us even "grow up" in size in later years. Eddie Welmot did so. On his 18th birthday, he was only 3 feet tall. By the time he had celebrated his 28th birthday, he had "shot up" to a height of 6 feet! And his proportions were normal in all other respects.



Sex Has Been Added To The Old "Spanish Swindle" To Fleece Many Americans, But U.S.Govt. Powerless To Act

BY BILL BARRETT BARE'S Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Post Office Department inspectors have uncovered a new twist in an old racket. Bikini-clad girls are being used as lures in a new "Mexican" confidence game which is taking hundreds of American men for a ride that can cost them as much as \$5,000 apiects.

Furthermore, the United States government is helpless to prevent it or punish the wrongedoers because we have no treaty with Mexico to cover the confidence racket. Fostmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield has taken the unusual step of issuing a personal warning saying, in effect, that American men have to look out for themselves. If they fall into the clutches of these Mexican racketeers, the U. S. government can't do much to help them.

to help them. The racket is an old one to postal inspectors, who have tubbed it the "Spanish prisoner swindle." It seems to have tubbed it the "Spanish prisoner swindle." It seems to have Certain Americans who were known to be synaphticit to one side or the other got crudely-written letters from Spaniards who told tales of woe. Usually, the Spanish nacketeer pictured himself as a prisoner of war. He was about to be shot, he said, but before the flightling had broken out, he had taken the precaution of sepreting some of his cash in a neutral country. If he could just get a loan against some of these securities, he could buy his way out of the prison where he was. Once across the border, the letter said, he would richly revear his benefactor. Many Americans were duped into sending cash to any return on their invasioned less to say, they mere got

After the civil war ended, certain Spaniards in Latin America tried variations of the same "con" approach, but enjoyed little success until they hit on the brilliant idea of

GIRLS USED AS RACKET LURES

adding a bit of sex appeal. When that was done, they found they had something few American men could resist.

Here's an actual case taken from Post Office files in Washington. Joe Be- is an ambitious American saleman recently elected president of one of the civic clubs in his home town. One day, while he is still aglow with the honor of this election, he gets a letter with exotic-looking Mexican stamps on it, written in a feminine hand, inside is a picture of a pretty, dark-haired Mexican girl. The picture almost takes Joe's breath takes an experiment of the property of the propert

Tears literally stain the page as she tells how in desperation she is writing him because her father has been taken prisoner in a local revolution and is about to be shot by his political enemies. She has found, however, that one of the jailers is secretly a sympathizer of her father's, and if he can get just a little cash to spread around in the right palms, an escape can be arranged and her father can get across the border.

Oh, adds the girl, she would do anything, dear sir, if he would but meet her in a little Texas sown on the Rio Grande border and give her some help. She says she enclosed the photo-apologizing that it was the only one she had had taken recently, and saying that she knows girls in the United States do not wear such brief suits as do girls in her country.

His blood stirred by visions of the reward he might receive, both financial and otherwise, Joe bites hard on the bait. He writes the girl a letter saying he'll do what he can,

Back comes a reply saying that he has indeed answered the senorita's last desperate prayer. Could he meet her next Saturday night? She will bring family bonds worth several thousand dollars for security. He will need to bring \$500 cash in small American bills. Joe rounds up the cash, tells his trusting

(Posed by models)



GIRLS USED AS RACKET LURES

"cousin" immediately begins berating the girl. What does she mean by giving this Americano the entire family fortune as security? These bonds are worth much more than the money he is putting up! The girl tearfully insists that Ioc has an honest face and could be trusted to deal fairly with her, Finally, the girl wins the argument; Joe hands over the cash, and gets the bonds as security.

The girl and her "cousin" then slip across the border. She will return later that night, she promises Joe, and together they will have to wait 48 hours until her father is released and gets across the river.

Blushing again, she tells loe she has no place to stay and + if he will arrange a room for her? Joe says he certainly will. She gives him a warm Spanish kiss as a sort of hint of the reward she may have in store for him later.

Naturally the girl does not keep her appointment. Hours later, another confederate shows up. He has bad news. She and her "cousin" have been arrested crossing the border. He can get her out for another \$500, but they'll have to work fast. If her father's enemies get hold of her, they'd want to know who it was she intended to bribe, and they wouldn't be gentlemen about the measures they'd use to force her to confess,

So sucker Joe hurriedly wires home for \$500 more. Next morning, the confederate reappears. He has another tale of woe and needs still more cash - quick! Joe by now is getting suspicious. The Mexican con-man knows the symptoms, and quickly takes it on the lam. Joe, belatedly, has his Mexican bonds translated. They are worthless oil stocks, His money, the

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girl, and her boy friends are gone - far across the river into the interior!

Incidentally, Ioc's One Tool that can wife found our about it later, and he had a

> The girl and ber confederates. while - along with others operating the



ers with their sex bait. The U. S. cannot prosecute them for using the mails to defraud because we don't have a treaty with Mexico covering that offense, and Mexico won't send the culprits North for extradition to U. S. soil and trial before U. S. courts.

So the only protection American men have is to resist any letters that come from South of the border, with a picture of a girl in a bikini, promising just any "reward, dear sir," if the American will but help

There's no such a deal a free sex. Not even in Mexico!

PAINTING SHAMES COLLEGE



A Denver University co-ed's maidenly modesty was outraged recently because "somebody bad" stole the Kappa Sigma

fraternity memorial plaque, whatever that is! Suspecting that members of Alpha Chi Omega sorority were responsible, the fraternity men of the college brought

10 of the girls to the Kappa Sig house to "stand trial." The girls were found guilty, and were "sentenced" to have the Kappa Sig emblem painted on their foreheads. But the whole thing got out of hand when over-exuberant

members of the fraternity stood one co-ed on her curly head and painted the emblem on her dainty panties!

University officials pointed fingers and said, "Shame, shame, shockey shame!" The abashed fraternity men hung their heads sheepishly. Girlish giggles are still echoing through Denver Li's halls

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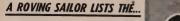
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SEXIEST WARK LONDON

When was room about the world on a

When you roam about the world as a merchant seaman, you get a post graduate course in one absorbing subject — women! How I love that subject! You learn what all nationalities are like: which ones are the most beautful, the most affectionate, and the most passionate.

I have been a devoted and eager student of women — in seaports and cities around the globe — these last 'two years. I have no intention of finishing my ."course" — as yet!

When I decided on a seggoing career it was because of my hunger for adventure and to gather material to write about. I wowed that I'd meet exotie women, wild women, fascinating women, and women of all nationalities—if I had to travel the rest of my life to do so. I also nourished a fond hope. That I'd enjoy the pleasure—over a period of time—of lowing (and being loved by) one woman of every nationality on earth. Today, I can report that my wish has been fulfilled. Not one couplaint from me My "studies" have been enjoin.



Whether It's A Swedish Blonde Or A Seductive Eurasian...You Pays Your Money & Takes Your Choice!

able: very much so. They have been stimulating. I haven't known one dull moment. And before I cheerfully return to sea — and to my "classes" — permit me to share what I've learned with you readers

My list of firsts:

Best-looking biondes in the world — The Danish girls in Copenhagen and the Swedish girls of Stockholm.

Most beautiful redheads anywhere — The Scottish girls you spot in such cities as West Lathian, Glencagles, Aberdeen, and on the excursion boats of Loch Katrine. Listen, lads, those lassies really will make your heart skip a beat!

Most beautiful brunettes: Greek girls of Athens, Turkish

Most beautiful brunettes: Greek girls of Athens, Turkish girls of Istanbul, and Portuguese (olive-skinned) girls of Honolulu.

My choice for the most luscious sex bundles in the world: Brown-eyed, brunette Cuban dollies in their late teens. Their touch gives you the feeling of an electric current.

Most over-rated love-birds in the world: French women. To help re either too intense or too casual. No happy medium. That applies with equal force to Italian girls, They're too tragic or too melodramatic in affairs of the heart.

And Spanish girls are too possessive, too jealous Otherwise, they'd be world beaters 'p. in alture, in the call to love, Just talk with any scaman who has gone stepping with Spanish dames. One date, and they think they own you, On the rougher side, the houses of pleasure in Ceuta, Spain, offer a case in point — of the wildfire jealousy of Spanish women,

There, you take your choice of dozens of lurid charmers. But once you single out a girl, she decides — for you — that she is yours. Yours on all future visits. If you smile at another girl, head off to seclusion with her, comes the fury of a woman scorned! It will explode, brother, Hali-pulling, clawing: a knockdown brawl. The other woman you have picked suffers the mauling.

They're women of pleasure, yes. Women of the primrose path. But even these Spanish dames expect you to remain "faithful" to them after you have chosen a particular one as your "date." No shopping around. No straying.

For my money, the Dutch houses of naughtiness in Rotterdam and Amsterdam rate as the cleanes, Girls there frame themselves in windows, smile their prettiest, and beckon to you. "Cheerio" girls of London and the Puta girls of San Juan, Puerto Rico, are the only ones (anywhere in the world) who urge a custometry to "take your to the puta girls of London and the puta girls of San Juan, Puerto Rico, are the only ones (anywhere in the world) who urge a custometric to "take your labeling the puta services of the p

They convince one and all that they honestly enjoy their profession. And they go all-out to furnish you real enjoyment, in an easy-going tempo.

You're most likely to get rolled, beaten up, and kicked around in the dives and "joy spors" of Marseilles, the Casbah, and in Panama City, Ha-Casbah, comes up with the compact of the com



Lovely Italian film star, GI-ANA-MARIA CANALE

To name the best lovers in the world affords me a kick and it isn't difficult to do. Let a girl be imbued with a touch of Chinese, a touch of Portuguese, a touch of Swedish —and your moments of love with her will sweep on to





Two cute Swedish airls in semi-nude attire at the recent Opera Masquerade in Stockhalm, Sweden.

for whistling at them! To go to the other extreme; there's a house of joy in Alexandria which features women of all climes, colors and nationalities. No holds barred. No pleasures skipped, Anything goes. Price to fit any pocketbook, Sordid love with a rumba beat, in jive tempo, in waltz time, or with apple blossom effects!

You meet the most varied - and the best groomed - girls of pleasure on the isle of Macao, Chinese dolls along the "Street of Delight" give the appearance of being headed for a cherry. blossom festival . . . Not as experienced women of the world. which they are. They even keep maids standing nearby to minister to their needs.

And I have saved a delicacy for the last: Women who bring an unearthly delight into the lives of scafaring men -

Sexiest Girls In The World

beights of rapture, fire, and haunting beauty. that combination (Swedish-Chinese-Portuguese) captures all honors in the amour department,

Second choice I'd give to those tall Chinese girls striding about Hongkong, gracing the streets of Cevlon and Singapore, and adding the spice to life on the Portuguese island of Macao. For the most affectionate women in the world. I'd favor the fair-skinned Norwegian beauties.

For the friendliest girls my vote goes to the Swedish girls of Stockholm. For the least appreciative dames, you have to look no further than

Alexandria, Egypt, In that strange city, the women have been known to complain bitter-

ly against the wolf whistle Even to having men arrested

like myself. I refer to the Eurasian beauties along the Maradana in Ceylon, Colombo. They live to please men. They're well-rounded, supple, slightly brownish of hue, or olive of complexion.

They inhabit clean shacks behind the tea boutiques of Ceylon. There, on their bamboo mats, they receive callers -

bowing and smiling to... them as they enter. How accommodating they are and skilled in the graces of love! They'll run their hands through your hair and massage your back, give you a shower, wash your feet - AND IN-LOVE TO THEM All as a sampling of their hospitality!



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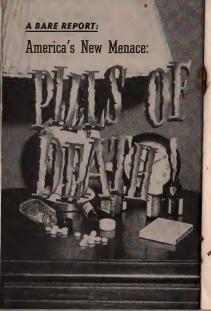
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Thousands Are Dying Annually Through Accidental Over-Doses Of "Harmless" Sleeping Pills!

BY A. C. GREENE

Headlines not long ago announced the near-death of one of the famous singing Andrews Sisters — Maxine — from an over-dose of sleeping pills. While tongues clicked and some newspaper stories implied it was the result of a suicide attempt, Maxene, her family and friends all denied such a possibility.

Undoubtedly it wers an accident. And it is possible than many other such occurrences – some of which have made headlines because Hollywood personalities like Carol Landis and director Ray McCarey met death at the bottom of an empty sleeping pill bottle – have been tragic accidents. Outside of the numerous entertainment figures involved in such cases, thousands of anonymous sleepingpill users across the country annually take overdoses of these "pellets of peril" – these so-portific barbiturates. More than a thousand die each year as

the result of such fatal accidents!

These tragedies happen only too easily. It's this way, It a person is over-tired or has had considerable to drink, or bunly is upset — he may take two pills instead of one to reach the oblivion of deep slumber. However, because of some over-stimulation, the pills don't knock the user out completely. They throw him into a semi-conscious, almost "twi-light sleep" state, in which his muscles may be able to coordinate but his mind is confused, unable to cope with reality. So the insomnia suffer who should be completely "out" reaches foggily for the bedside table and the bottle. And in this state, longetting he already hat taken some of the pills and incapable contents of the bottle into his defense requires the entire contents of the bottle into his defense requires the entire people usually haven't any thought of suicide. They simply don't know what they're doing.

The new user of sleeping pills usually is the greatest prey to this type of accident. A relatively few pills can produce a toxic, possibly fatal effect, in the non-user. The long-time user can ingest quite a few pills without encountering major trouble, since a tolerance to these drugs



Screen star CAROLE LANDIS lies dead in her apartment after taking sleeping pills.

builds up in the system. Traces of barbiturates may remain as long as 10 days to two weeks in the body. And the long-time user thereby may become a victim to barbiturate poisoning, or barbiturate addiction.

Most dangerous of the sleeping pills as far as "addiction" is concerned, is phenobarbital. Nembutal probably follows closely. The recent deaths of two American women below the California-Mexican border in Tijuana from over-doses of the pills brought out the fact that they were patients in the State Hospital at Patton - barbiturate addicts. They had escaped and gone south of the border for a "goof ball" spree. In most drug stores below the border, no prescription is needed, and the pills are cheap,

Further investigation began to uncover for the public the rather shocking facts that hundreds of such women and

men (mostly women) were inmates of various hospitals and institutions - victims of barbiturate addiction. Practically all of them began their addiction with a prescription by a family doctor: - a woman in the change of life suffers from fitful sleep, awakening shortly after she dozes off - a seriously ill person, in pain, needs the restorative sleep that the drugged pills can bring, - an insomniac is losing weight and unable to live a normal daytime life because he cannot sleep - a neurotic, headache-ridden, begs for the relief of the sleeping pills, These all are incipient "addicts." It becomes so easy to escape with the help of these brightly colored pills, that they obtain refill after refill, until they no longer can get along without this "escape."

As we said, below the border in Tijuana it is easy to obtain either "goof balls," (the soporific barbiturates), or amphetamine, "pep pills," According to Inspector L. M. Bales, of the California Board of Pharmacy - who watches at border customs at San Ysidro to prevent people from bringing illegal barbiturates into the country - these latter

pills rank at the top of the list among poisons causing

death However, wbile Cali-



the prescription.



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PHIS OF DEATH

Maxene Andrews-ane of the famed Andrews Sisters - c near-fatal victim of sleeping nills.



This is perhaps understandable, for till recently most people judged these pills as "non-addictive," fairly harmless Recently, however, Dr. Harris Isbell, Chief of the Federal Nar cotics Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, stated that these are addictive drugs in every sense of the word.

This is a shocking condition, when we face the fact that annually we manufacture 350 tons of these pills, and that probably thousands of addicts are walking around unaware of their condition till they get caught short without their supply,

and have to face "withdrawal." One medical leader has described sleeping pills as one of the country's major health problems, Those addicts who have suffered through the nausea. vomiting, cramps, diarrhea, loss of muscular coordinaation convulsions and hallucinations that top by far the alcoholic worst D.T.'s will agree.



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Movie director RAY MC-CAREY (seen here with o starlet), wha died fram an overdase of sleeping pills.

Most dangerous about the pills is their insidious ability to "sneak up on you." Watch them closely. Never use them unless it is absolutely necessary. And watch carefully when you begin to build up a tolerance for them. That constitutes the first stages of addiction - when you need two instead of one - and later three instead of two - to find sleep. You've reached the danger zone addictive tolerance. Taper off!

And to avoid the fatal or near-fatal dose mentioned earlier - heed this warning! Don't leave the pills in an easily accessible place. Above all, don't leave them on your bed cable or any easily reached place in your bedroom. Keep them somewhere so that a sleepy, half-conscious person - knocked out by his first dosage, but still not unconscious couldn't readily find them. And maybe you'll avoid becoming a statistic in the growing list of deaths from barbiturates - the pellets of peril!

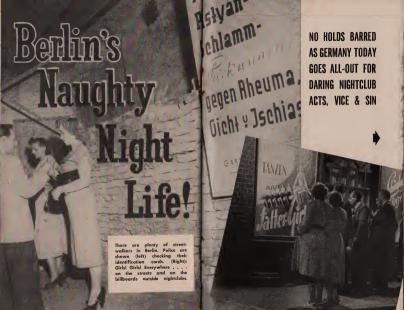




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to recover from the last war, is now suffering the jitters at the prospect of another holocaust. As a result, vice is rampant in the German capital, and night life is thriving. The primary purpose of most clubs in Berlin, today, seems to be to provide a meeting place for airls and to pick each other up. These pictures show some scenes from top nightclubs in Berlin.

Berlin, still strugaling



Berlin's Naughty Night Life



In this atmosphere, West Berlin's nightclubs and other pleasure establishments are thriving. But with competition for the American dollar keen, the proprietors are forced to the extremes of ingenuity in providing attractions of greater and greater sensationalism. All along "Sin Street" and

throughout the district sur rounding it are nightclubs devoted to the artful presentation of the female form divine, and complete nudity is a common feature of most of the floorshows. After a round of the clubs, the properly titillated playboys may seek further diversion, and this may be found in any number of places featuring everything in the form of carnal pleasure - from presentations of perverted sex exhibitions to the services of an attractive prostitute.



WOLVES I HAVE MET



There's Quite A Knack To Warding Off That Pinch, Or That Knee!

By PAT K - AS TOLD TO ART KENNEDY

I honestly can report that I've spent seven lively, stimulating years as a manituriti. Over that period I've met some of the most repulsive, most fascinating, and most handsome wolves in Americal Speak about a liberal education in men: I've certainly had it. And what I've learned about the male of the species well, here soon the sound in the male of the species well, here soon as

Men in America today are, by turns, cute, romantic, wolfsish, entertaining, boring, a pain in the neck, wonderful to
know; they build a girl up, and they let her down. We
women of sense know that we can't live without them; and
often times we can't live with them. But, on the whole, I
find them an engrossing pastime. All the more so because
I earn my living by holding their hands — and manicuring
their fine-errails.

I've done that in New York City, Washington, D. C., New Orleans, Butte, Montana; in San Francisco, and in Beverly Hills, California. All types of men — tall and short ones, handsome and homely, married, single, on-the-make; Westerners, Easteners, politicians, actors, good tippers, loosy tippers have rested their paws in my hand for 25 minutes or longer,

It takes about that long – 25 minutes – to give them a satisfactory manicure. And, looking back, what atonishing, pleasing and regrettable experiences I've gone through during that 25-minute stretch! I can recall men who were so charming and interesting that I longed to hang on to their hands longer. To get to know them better – much better! And to become friends with them.

(Posed by models)

WOLVES I HAVE MET!

A few of them — and I emphasize that "few" — have inspired an even warmer feeling in me than that. Frankly stated, I wanted to become their girl friend, exclusively so, after one meeting. That has happened to me four times during my seven years as a manicurist.

Three of them came back for a third and fourth manicure. I fell for them in the stronges tense – honestly in love with them. I became their girl friend, though not always in exclusive fashion. But I have no regrest: I loved them, admired them, and knew moments of rare happiness with them. Today, though the glow of romance has faded from my relationships with them, I still respect the three men I've just referred to — and consider them real friends.

That fourth one I mentioned a little earlier: He has proved an elusive creature — a footloose, happy-go-lucky soul who seems to prefer adventure to women (including manicurists). But I still have my traps out for him: and I'm still living in hopes of snaring him — yet! At leash e remembers me with cute gifts and air mail letters when he goes rambling off to far courses of the world to write bis short stories.

Unless a manicurist looks like Dracula's cast-off bride, see will be subjected daily to per tails, "propositions," passes, fancy lines, false promises and off-color jokes. Most off the time, she just listens, listens, listens, Sometimes that can prove an ordeal. But the rules of the game dictate that we manicurists must hide our true game dictate that we manicurists must hide our true to the control of the c

On the whole, I'd rather go without a tip than listen to the booten gulf of some "I-I-I artist," or defend myself from the fancy maneuvers of some cocky wolf. Talk about the latter's bag of tricks! He has an endless assortment of them, all designed to melt your resistance and induce you to go stepping with him—then wind up in his apartment or hotel room,

(Posed by models)

These are some of the techniques wolves and would-be Casanovas have tried on me:

They'd press their knees at first gently, against my own; then, gaining confidence, they'd ob it more insistently. You can parry that by pretending that you're in an uncomfortable position and by moving your knees away. Or you can "yide out the assault." If you do that, however, you can usually count on the wolf making his next big pitch. To wit: Asking you to paint the town lurid colors with him, "efter you get off."

Other wolves bombard you with flattery, with compliments, with soulful endearments, with assurances that they've been "listing and just looking" — for a girl like you, of course! Most of the "Southern gentlemen" use that gallant and flowery approach. You're their "honey-chile," their long-sought-after fluff of magnolia and low.



WOLVES I HAVE MET!

Some of these Southern lads, I must confess, aimost bowly you over at first meeting. Their approach is generally sogging, cute, and couched in pleasant nuances. If you don't watch it, you'll find younself bulled, coaxed, and inveigled into their plans — wolfish plans. I know that I have, on occasion, fallen for the Southern Lockhivars.

In easy-going stages, they'd invaribly work around to what was on their minds in the beginning — some fancy woo pitching. But I can say this about them: They never made of fensive advances to me. If I threw a slight damper on their ardor, they'd almost always cool off — be sportive — and just eniov laughs with me.

But no such good fortune has marked my experience with three other types - the three toughest types of all. I refer to:

1. Hollywood playboys.

Well-heeled traveling salesmen.
 Officers (younger ones) of the army, navy, and marine and air corps.

All three types present you with a problem, a challenge, and compel you to employ your wits, your psychology, and your good sportsmanship — to cope with them, and still send them away as friendly customers.

As might be expected, the Hollywood boys — decked out in fancy sports coats, soft-tone shoes, dark glasses, and gigolo manners — know all the answers, have been everywhere, can get you into movies (via a bedroom couch or a lonely motel); you're "honey," "darling," and "wagar plum" to them. On and on they rave, thinking all the while (by your attentive attitude) that you're swallowing their drivel hook line, and sinker.

Presently comes the \$64.00 question! What time — and where — can they pick you up for an evening on the town? (They really mean a quiet room or apartment). You let them down jokingly, or you can tell them that you have a prior engagement. I've learned, however, that the joking dismissal usually leads to more passes. They persist. They try to pin the property of th

Traveling salesmen and members of the armed forces prove at least generous in their tipping - even when you



Suite 106, 3223 McKinney Ave., Dallas 4 Texa

shunt aside their romantic pitches with a "no," delivered pleasantly.

I apply the tag of "drip," bore, and pain-inthe-neck to the Hollywood know-it-alls. Salesmen and armed services' officers come under the heading of the "hotpants" brigade. I term most of my Southern gentlemen customers "blarney stones" and "honey buckets."

And the most delightful wolves of all? That's easy. Those tall, amiable, weather-beaten, generousspirited lads from the wide open spaces of the Western States. They make you feel feminine and a woman — to the tip end of your fingers. What a pleasure to hold their hands!



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Dear Editor:

In your March edition of "BARE" you had a picture of me, Iris Bristol, and alongside gave my measurements as follows: Height, 5' 4"; weight, 118 lbs.; waist 24; hips 35.

In actual fact, I am as follows: height 5' 3; weight, 102 lbs.; waist 19; hips 34; and bust 36.

It came as quite a blow to see myself gain so much weight, and I am wondering if you could possibly correct the mistake.

Thanking you, Yours sincerely,



IRIS BRISTOL 135 N. Lapeer Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.

P. S. Am enclosing a little picture of myself whereby you can see the difference between bust, waist and hip measurements.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Difference duly noted (see picture) and our apologies to such a lovely young miss for adding poundage where it didn't exist.)



<u>MEXT ISSUE</u>: How Lupe Velez Shocked Hollywood's Top Stars!